

Echo 4-1-9

by Voideddesert7

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Summary: The "Foe Hammer" Carol Rawley saw her way through the entire Covenant war, and survived the alien parasite known as the flood, only to be shot down at the end of the Halo incident. Set at the beginning of the Covenant war, this story outlines her days in the academy and the war, ending with her final days on the mysterious alien ringworld known as Halo. Rated T for mild violence.

## 1. Echo four-nineteen

**\*\*Geez, it was over ninety days ago that I first published this story. I would like to thank you all for your reviews, especially the ones that gave me things that needed fixing. \*\*\*\*\_A\_\*\*\*\*all of your feedback has inspired me to fix up my story, cut the rough gem into a miraculous stone. I hope you guys like this version better than my original. Anyways, disclaimer time! I do not own the Halo universe, although I really want to own it. That, however, is Microsoft and 343 Industries' jobs. Yet again, the Foe hammer to Master Chief dialogue came from \*\*\*\*\_Halo: The Flood \_\*\*\*\*by William C. Dietz. Now, I'm sure you're tired of this author-speak, so have fun reading, and please remember to review!\*\***

The cabin of the D77-TC Pelican-Class dropship shook as another radioactive fuel rod blast landed its mark.

"Crap!" shouted Flight officer Captain Carol Rawley, the Pilot of said Pelican. "Frye, how are we back there?"

"This is bad, Carol, that last blast messed up the rear left reactor, it's going to overload soon!"

"Shut it down, boost power on the right."

"On it." The cabin shook again causing Carol to swear loudly. She engaged evasive maneuvers, pulling her evac craft into a barrel roll. She pulled up right as the craft was about to hit a cliff face,

causing two of the Covenant Banshee's to crash into the wall.

"Hooah!" Carol and Frye both cheered at the same time.

"Carol, comm. Coming from the \_Pillar, \_it's Chief and Cortana. Patching them through to your set now."

\_"Cortana to Echo four nineteen! Requesting extraction now! On the double!"\_

"Affirmative Cortana!" Carol thrust her bird as fast as it could go. Another fuel rod blast hit the ship, and lurched it to the portside. Carol heard a beeping sound, and swore as she tried to regain control of her aircraft. The rear left engine was completely destroyed, throwing the ship out of control. "Frye, find a way to keep us stable." There was no response. "Frye! Frye, I need you man!" Carol pulled up the biomoniter display. Frye was gone. Her best friend for all those years, dead. And she was near her expire date too. There was no way she could save the Chief now.

\_"Pull up! Pull up!"\_ Carol recognized the gruff voice of the Master Chief Petty Officer, John 117. She was losing altitude fast, and flew right under the service corridor. Her ship was leaning towards the wall, Carol screamed into her mike, and prepared for the end. She felt no pain, only peace.

(Several years earlier, new Miramar, Eradinus II)

Carol was awakened by a loud trumpet call. Carol tried to go back to sleep, but was quickly woken back up by a middle-aged, stern faced woman.

"Get up, boot! Now!" Carol let out a soft, inaudible groan, and got out of her bunk. The woman, who just so happened to be Drill Sergeant Amelia Williams of the UNSC Naval Air Training Academy walked over to torture the next poor soul that tried to sleep in. After pulling on her work-out gear, Carol walked outside to the cool, morning air.

Carol grew up on Eradinus II, never even left her parents' farm before coming to the Academy. Practically from the crib, Carol knew she wanted to be a pilot for the UNSC. At age fifteen, she got her first pilot's license, and would take her father's antique Cessna 362 single-seat aircraft for joyrides. Her leg still acted up sometimes; still damaged from the time one of thee pistons blew in the old plane, causing it to crash. A metal bar drove right through her leg, deeply wounding the tissue and muscle beneath. The injuries from that crash led to her having to miss registration for the Academy for two long years. Carol, now twenty-one, was finally living out her dream.

"Alright recruits, last one to the training field cleans the trays tonight! Move it, move it! Go! Go! Go!" Carol ran at a steady pace, careful not to injure her leg. As she was running, another recruit, Brian Frye, fell in next to her.

"Hey baby." Carol brushed aside Frye's flirtatious comment, and concentrated on keeping a steady pace. "Really, the cold shoulder? I didn't even ask you anything yet."

"No. I know exactly how you are with girls. You date them for two weeks, then go after another one. Who was it last week, Jessica?"

"Oh come on, just one date? Please?"

This time, Carol shouted at her fellow Cadet, "No! Leave me alone!"

"Do we have a problem here?" Both cadets turned in shock to see Sergeant Williams behind them. "Never mind, fifty push-ups each before you go inside. Now double-time it before I made it seventy-five!" The rest of the run was uneventful, as were the morning calisthenics. First there were the push-ups, with Carol and Frye finishing last, due to their extra set. Next came the crunches, and jumping jacks, suicides, and many more torturous exercises.

Around thirteen hundred hours, it was time for Carol's favorite part of the academy; the Flight Combat Simulation Room. Similar to arcade games from the twenty-first century, the RFSP-135's were designed to give pilots full flight experience without even going into the air. They were programmed with hundreds of thousands of different combat scenarios, ranging from extraction missions to dogfights. All of those scenarios were monitored by the Academy's A.I., Lady Clara. The "pods" as the recruits would call them would rattle, shake, and react perfectly in sync with the digital environment. Each pod's exterior looked exactly the same: a giant olive drab egg. The interiors perfectly recreated the cockpit of D73 "Pelican" drop ships, the UNSC's standard drop ship. Carol held the top score in the academy, having successfully completed fifty-five missions, with only twelve failures. Oddly, only half of the pods were active.

Colonel Burchett, the headmaster of the academy cleared his throat, getting the attention of the gathered cadets. "Today you will all start a new segment of your training; flying with the assistance of a copilot." Excited murmurs ran through the cadets; some were excited for this new development, others were not. Some students, like Carol, were already devising new strategies to win. "You will be put in pairs of two, based on your Battle Proficiency Ratings." The Colonel gestured towards his lieutenant, who was holding a datapad. "Lieutenant, if you would."

"Yes sir. The first name called is the pilot, the second is the copilot. Cadets Abbot and Robins are on pod two. Cadets Jefferson and Rogers are on pod two. Cadets Rawley and Frye are on pod three—" Carol could not believe what she had heard. She was paired with Frye!?

"And finally, Cadets Long and Wu on pod thirty-five. Dismissed." At the verbal prompt, all seventy cadets ran towards their respective pods. To Carol's detest, Frye was already strapped in when she reached her pod. As Carol climbed in, Frye had to try again with getting a date with her.

"Why hello again, m'lady. Thou look as beautiful as a summer rose."

Carol glared at her new copilot. "We just finished running not even

ten minutes ago. I still haven't stopped sweating, and you think it's wise to flirt with me?"

"Is that a question?"

"Just shut up and get ready." Carol strapped herself into her seat, and activated the pod. A hologram of a beautiful Victorian era lady appeared in the simulated glass cover of the pod.

"Hello Lady Clara." Carol said politely.

"Hello Carol, how are you today?"

"Fine thank you. Is the simulation ready?"

The A.I. snapped her fingers, turning the blackened windows into a replica of a \_Halcyon-Class \_cruiser's flight deck. "Your mission today is to rescue fireteam Wilma from the LZ at these coordinates." A series of numbers appeared on Carol and Frye's Helmet HUD's, detailing the firequads last known location. "They are under fire from a heavily armed group of insurrectionists. They have twelve hijacked shortsword bombers, as well as two D75-b assault Pelicans. There are also thirty heavily armed insurgents on the ground, six of which have surface to air missiles. The fireteam only has around ten minutes left to survive."

"What weapons are we packing?" Asked Frye. Carol swore to herself, \_He was always faster.\_

Your ship is equipped with a fifty-millimeter chin gun, and fifty HE-ANVIL missiles. Do you have any more questions?"

Carol smiled, "When can we start?"

The blue A.I. smiled back at Carol. "Immediately."

**\*\*Wow, much better than the original. Okay, so I changed a lot of things in here, fixed some weird parts, and just tried to round this whole thing out. Please rate and review, so I can fix more things in the later chapters. Au revoir!\*\***

## 2. Simulation run

**\*\*Bet you all didn't expect chapter two to be rewritten as well! Woo hoo! Once again, I don't own Halo, that honor belongs to 343 Industries and Microsoft. I own my OC's, so enjoy this rewritten chapter! And again, reviews only help me to get better.\*\***

Carol smiled at the monitor. "When can we start?"

The blue A.I. smiled back at Carol. "Immediately." The Pelican simulator lurched upwards as the hydraulic systems beneath it took flight. Lady Clara's avatar flickered off of the screen, and the simulation was ready to go. The bay doors opened, revealing a birds-eye view of a beautiful cityscape. It seemed to be the central city of the outer colony, Harvest. The beauty of the city was marred by large stacks of smoke coming from the governors mansion.

"Frye, input those coordinates into a nav point. And no! Don't even

try me."

"No promises. We are cleared for takeoff. Disengage safeties?"

"Roger. Let's do this." Carol pulled back the stick, bringing the Pelican up. She pushed forward the throttle, making her simulated bird rocket out through the bay doors. Carol followed the blue NAV point that appeared on her helmets HUD, and reached the heart of the city in only two minutes.

"Carol, watch it. Six short swords inbound."

"I'll swing us around, prep the rockets."

"Roger that, baby."

"Frye!" Carol warned.

"Okay, fine. Let's just do this." The pod whipped around as Carol pulled her stick sharply left. Carol saw flashes of light as HE-Anvil missiles raced from their launchers, headed right towards the six pursuing fighters. Five made their mark, obliterating the digital craft. The sixth raced right past Carol and Frye's Pelican.

"Brace yourself!" Carol threw her Pelican into a loop, and flipped the Pelican around in a barrel roll, pulling a successful one-eighty flip. Frye opened fire on the opposing bomber, aiming the fifty millimeter flak at the engines. The delta-shaped craft shuddered, and rammed into the ground. "Hoo-Rah!" The Pelican was now only two kilometers from Fireteam Wilma. Several more insurrectionist craft came up to attack the duo, only to be destroyed just as easily as before.

"Hey, Carol. After we win this, can I please take you out?"

Carol tried to ignore the amorous advances of her copilot, and tried to focus on the sim. The two Armed pelicans had just rose out of the ground. After a few seconds, she realized that her ship was no longer firing. "Frye, why are you not firing!?"

"I won't do a thing until you agree to go on a date with me. Come on, I mean, this is just a simulation. It doesn't even matter."

Carol could barely contain her rage. "What!?" Carol screamed at Frye. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. "You would deliberately throw my perfect record because I won't go on a date with you!?" Carol was so angry, she didn't even notice when her pelican crashed, and the simulation ended. "You stupid pig! I tried being nice. But if I would have been allowed to, I would have picked anyone in the academy over you as my copilot! Even that stupid statue out front would be better than you! And guess what? This score does matter to me!" When Carol finally noticed that the simulation failed, she threw open the cockpit, undid her seatbelt and ran off in a fit of rage.

"Carol, wait!" Frye fumbled at getting his seatbelt off. \_Aw man, I really screwed up.\_

\*\* (other side of the Simulation Room) \*\*

Colonel Burchett sighed as he marked a failure on Cadets Rowley and Frye's transcripts. \_I thought they would work well together, butâ€|\_

"Sir!"

The colonel turned to see sergeant Williams, the lead drill instructor at the Academy standing at attention. "At ease, Sergeant. Something on your mind?"

"Sir, you honestly believed putting those two together was a good idea? Just this morning, I had to-"

The Colonel cut Sergeant Williams off. "Sergeant, I respect your opinions, however, Carol is our best flyer, just as Frye is our best shot. Lady Clara and I deliberately put those two together, despite the fact that Rowley can't stand Frye. They'll either end up working together, or end up killing each other. Either way, they'll make a good future lesson for the academy. This is my final decision on this matter. Are we clear?"

"Crystal, sir!"

"And don't bring this up again, Sergeant." The colonel looked back down at the failure again, and sighed to himself again. \_I hope to God I'm rightâ€|\_

\*\*(Academy Female Barracks)\*\*

Carol screamed into her pillow, glad that everyone else was still doing their simulations. \_That freaking pig!\_ Carol thought to herself, \_I must have given him at least a dozen chances, just today! He ruined my perfect score, just because I rejected him!? What is wrong with him!? \_Carol wiped the tears from her eyes, and looked at the picture of her late mother that she kept by her bunk. \_What would you have done, mom? Did you ever deal like scums like him? \_

Carol's mother was a cargo pilot, and was usually off-world. But she shared a close bond with her daughter. She would always bring Carol cool presents, and they would hang out in all of her off-time. Carol's mom sadly passed when Carol was seven. An insurrectionist radical group took over her ship, and killed her when she tried to resist. The ship was eventually taken back by UNSC forces, but Carol's mother was still dead. She still remembered the day she learned of it. It was a nice day outside, not a cloud in the sky. Her mom was to come home that day, and Carol was eagerly awaiting the doorbell, and her mother coming through. The four-tone sound rang through the house, and Carol ran towards the door. Her excited smile dissipated when she saw a UNSC officer instead of her mother.

"Hello, young lady. Is your father here?" Carol was sent to another room, as the strange man spoke with her father. After several gut-wrenching hours, Carol saw the man stand up, drop a bag on the table, and heard him say "I am so sorry." The next two weeks were the worst. Carol cried throughout the whole funeral, clutching the item that was in the mysterious bag. It was a doll, specially made on Reach. It was made to look like Carol, but in a cargo pilot's uniform. Carol cried when she her dad took it out of the bag, as well

as her mother's other possessions. It was at that moment that Carol decided to become a Naval Aviator, to help destroy the Insurrection before more innocents like her mother were killed.

"Carol?" Carol snapped out of her memories to see her friend Rosie Jefferson walk in.

"Yeah?"

"I heard what happened. You okay?" Rosie took off her sweat-stained fatigues to change into some nicer clothes.

"Yeah. I'm just mad that that pig ruined my record."

"Man, why would they even pair you two up?"

"I don't know, Rose. Maybe I should ask the Sergeant?" Both girls died laughing. "At least, if I wanted a hundred push-ups."

Rosie finished getting dressed, and threw her hat at Carol. "Get changed, we're going to Davies's. You look like you could use a drink." Davies's was the name of the off-campus bar that the cadets would frequent. The owner, affectionately referred to as Rusty, was an ex-UNSC captain; until he retired of old age.

"Okay, just as long as we don't see that scum bag there."

\*\*(Davies Bar)\*\*

"Man, I really screwed up today, didn't I?" Frye remarked as he took a swig of his beer.

"Dude, I told you to knock it off. You just couldn't let it go. I'm surprised she didn't murder you then and there."

"Huh?"

"Oh yeah, I forget you're from off-world. Carol's here to avenge her mom. That's why her score means so much to her."

Frye felt guilty, now that he knew what he had done. "Aw man, now I feel like crap. I should go find her to apologize." Frye swiped his card, paid off his tab, and began walking towards the door. Not even having walked three steps, Frye bumped into a tougher academy student, spilling his beer all over. "Oh, sunnova-, I'm sorry man, here let me--"

The burlier cadet grabbed Frye by the collar, and growled "Oh, you will be punk. The man raised his fist, and everything went quiet. Frye heard a familiar voice, but she wasn't a guardian angel.

"What is going on here?" Yelled out Carol. The cadet turned around, still grasping Frye by the collar.

"Stay outta this girlie. This is between me and him." Carol simply walked over, and kicked the Cadet where it hurt the most. The man fell down, causing Frye to stumble backwards and fall

"Carol, I--" Carol then proceeded to slap Frye in the face.

"That was for ruining my record." Carol then walked out of the bar. She no longer wanted a drink.

\*\* And the Chapter two Rewrite is complete. I hope you're all enjoying this new, polished version. Also, I would like to apologize for any depression caused by the whole Carol's mom incident. I actually teared up writing it. Anyways, please read and review!\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Chapter three! These are coming out really fast. Yet again, I do not own Halo, I just own my OC's. Keep on reading and reviewing! Also, soon I will be starting another Fanfiction, a currently unnamed Bionicle story, so please check that out too.\*\*

Carol was dreaming. She had had this dream before, always the same way. She would be inside the building her mother worked in. She would look up, and see a transport ship headed straight for the building. She would try to save her mother, but she would ultimately fail. This time, however, she was not in the building. She was in the transports cockpit, piloting the accursed ship. She couldn't control her actions; she flew just as well as she did in real life. She was the one who would kill her mother. Carol screamed, and woke up, panting. She was glad that she didn't wake anybody else up with her scream. Carol looked at her watch, it was 0' five hundred, the sergeant would be in soon to wake everybody else up. Carol laid back in her bunk, and thought about the previous day.

\_I can't believe it. He threw the sim just because I blew him off? If he pulls something like that again today, \_she thought to herself, \_I'll make him wish he'd never even came to this academy.\_

The day went on as normal; PT, classes, and lunch. Finally, it was time for the simulations again. Frye hadn't spoken to Carol once, a fact that Carol was happy with. Carol got into the pod as soon as she got there, and was surprised to see Frye already inside.

"Oh, hey Carol. Look, as an apology for yesterday, I, I gave up my lunch to practice. I'm really sorry for how I acted. I didn't know that these meant so much to you."

\_He gave up his lunch? \_She thought to herself. Maybe this guy wasn't all bad. "Okay, but if I hear a single flirtatious commentâ€¦"

"I know. You ready?" Carol nodded. "Okay, Amelia? We're ready."

"Excellent. This is a different scenario then last time. For this mission, you must transport a Scorpion-class battle tank to the UNSC troops in battle. The enemy has one standard squadron of Falcon Transports and pelican dropships. The simulation will begin at 1300." Carol looked at her watch; 1258.

"Thanks Amelia. Okay Frye, same deal as last time; you control weapons. Aim for one of their engines, that's the weakest point."

"Alright. Let's do this thing!"



"Simulation commenced. Good luck, cadets."

The pod rose as the new simulation began. Instead of being in a city, like last time, this sim was set on the farmlands of Reach. The Visigrad relay outpost was just barely visible in the far east. Carol pushed the throttle to max, and headed off towards the nav point.

"Watch out! Bogie on our six!" Yelled out Frye as an enemy pelican fell in behind them. Carol initiated a dive, trying to shake the enemy aircraft. When her altimeter reached one thousand feet from the ground, she pulled sharply up, and began a barrel roll. The enemy aircraft misjudged the dive, and crashed straight into the soil. The flames from the wreck attempted to embrace Carol's simulated pelican, but she was already long gone. "That was close. Okay, long-range is showing three more five kilometers that way. Should we surprise them with some good old-fashioned missiles?"

Carol smiled, "Now you're speaking my language." Seven more digital aircraft fell to Carol's masterful flying skills, and Brian's mastery of weapons. Now that they were working together, they were like two parts of one deadly weapon. "One enemy plane left. Should we set the tank down first?"

"Yeah, unless we see that Falcon beforehand." The drop-off point was only one kilometer away when the Falcon attacked. The small troop carrier opened fire with grenades, fifty caliber shots, and even rockets. But Frye was able to knock the ship down with a single missile to the cabin. "Boo-yah!" he cried out, as the burning remains of the craft fell to the ground. After only thirty minutes, a record for that particular simulation, Carol Rawley and Brian Frye dropped off the scorpion, and evacuated the wounded.

When the simulation was over, Frye offered Carol his hand to help her out of the sim pod. Instead of being a flirtatious gesture, Carol knew that that was a hand of friendship, so she took it. Nobody saw, but in the corner of the room, Colonel Burchett smiled to himself.

"So, why do these Sims matter so much to you, Carol?" Frye inquired as they walked down to the gym together.

"My mother. When I was only seven, she died. A radical decided to fly a transport into the building she worked at. There was a pelican nearby, but he was too slow to stop the transport. I just don't want something like that to happen on my watch. These Sims, theyâ€¦ They represent how I would do in real life. Every failure feels real to me." Frye was shocked; he never thought it would be something like that.

"Look, I'm really sorry for yesterday. If I knew they meant-"

"Shut up. I forgave you already."

\_"Attention all UNSC personnel. Report to atrium Alpha one immediately. This is an order".\_

"I wonder what this is all about?" Frye asked.

"Let's find out." Carol responded, as the two set off for the meeting. When they got there, the seats were already filled up. Everybody was talking, wondering what was going on. Up on the stage, colonel Burchett cleared his throat.

"You all came to this academy for one reason. You came to help protect the UNSC. But now, we have a threat worse than the Insurrection. On October seventh, five days ago, Harvest, a peaceful Farming planet, was destroyed. There are only few survivors."

\_Destroyed? Wait, the planet was destroyed? What could do such a thing? Innies don't have that kind of firepower.\_ The entire room erupted into chaos. Nobody had a clue how an entire planet could be destroyed.

"Now, I am well aware that you may not believe this, I can't even say I fully believe this, but we were not attacked by fellow humans."

"It was aliens."

**\*\*Oooh, cliffhanger! The covenant were just revealed! Again, thank you everybody for reading and reviewing. I just recently got my 100\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* view, uber excited. So, keep on reading, and please remember to review! Until next time.\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Sorry, I've been really busy this week. Summer school, bleaugh. Anyways, here's the new chapter! I don't own Halo or its characters, as usual. Also, remember to read \*\*\*\*\_The Island of Mata Nui\_\*\*\*\*, also by me. Enjoy this chapter!\*\***

"It was aliens." Carol could barely contain her disbelief. \_Aliens? Harvest? Destroyed? How did this happen?\_ "It appears that they bombarded the surface of the planet with superheated plasma, causing the surface to turn into glass. If we cannot defeat these monstersâ€¦ Humanity could go extinct. We are afraid that your training will be accelerated. The UNSC, no, humanity, needs every soldier it can get. Until further notice, we are at war. Judging by how Harvest was destroyed, they are technologically superior to us, there are more of them, but they can be beaten. The marines will kill them on the ground, but us?" The colonel smiled, "We'll be the ones to get them there. Now, Dismissed!"

The cadets all ran to their next classes; some scared, some excited, and some still not believing what they had heard. "Kaufman, take your cadets to the airstrips. It's time they actually flew for once." Carol looked excitedly at Frye; she hadn't flown since her accident, and was yearning for an actual flight. The simulations could only do so much for her.

"You heard the man, double time it!"

**\*\*(Castle Base: Reach)\*\***

Doctor Halsey nearly spit out her coffee when she read the urgent message on her datapad. \_Aliens? I thought we had contingencies for

this sort of thing.\_ She scowled, and turned the page on her 'pad. \_I guess I'll just have to speed up project MJOLNIR.\_ She looked down at the half-finished plans, and her empty coffee. \_I need more coffee.\_

\*\*(Pelican Alpha 0-0-7)\*\*

"You ready Carol?" Frye asked Carol, as she prepared the pelican for flight.

"Yeah. First-time jitters. I'll get over it soon."

"\_Hey, Carol, guess what?"\_ Asked Carol's friend Rosie.

Carol keyed her mike, "What Rose?"

"\_Look to your left! We're your wingman!"\_

"We?" Carol asked.

"\_Yo Brian, guess who?"\_

"Oh God, no." Carol remarked.

"Hey, Burl! You're with Rosie?" exclaimed Brian

"\_Yep! This is awesome. Ready?"\_

"Yeah." Carol Replied. Both pelicans readied their engines, and as soon as the ground controller gave them the all-clear, they took off. It was exhilarating, none of the cadets had ever actually flown a Pelican before. The flight was the same as the simulators, but nothing could compare to actually flying. A message soon appeared on their Heads up Displays, otherwise called the HUD.

YOUR PELICANS ARE EQUIPPED WITH SHORT-RANGE LASER SYESTEM. LOCK ONTO THE LONGSWORD FIGHTERS TO WIN. TRANSMISSION TERMINATED

"What longswords? Frye asked.

"Umm, those ones." Carol pointed towards the two supersonic attack crafts.

"\_Carol, We'll flank Longsword Alpha from the right. You distract the other. Acknowledge?"\_

"Acknowledged. Let's do this Rose." Little did they know, one of the longswords flew behind Rosie and Burl's Pelican.

"\_Crap! Frye, can you lock on 'em?"\_

"Got it Burl. Trying toâ€¦ Got 'em!" The Longsword disengaged the Pelican, leaving only one Longsword left. Carol and Rosie, the two most experienced pilots on the academy Sims were a deadly Combination; and the second Longsword soon was taken by Frye and Burl's deadly action with the gun.

"\_Good work cadets. Not many people can take me down."\_

"Wait, colonel Burchett? You flew that one?" There was no response.

Carol piloted her Pelican down onto the academy's runway.

"Not bad for a first flight," remarked Sergeant Kaufman. Carol ran over to Rosie and gave her a hug as Frye bumped knuckles with Burl. It was their first successful mission, and not their last either.

\*\*(Six months Later)\*\*

Carol, Frye, Burl, and Rosie never lost a single "mission". They were undefeatable. The academy even tried pitting them against the best pilots in the UNSC, and they still won.

Carol awoke to the sound of alarms. A single sentence was being repeated over the academy's loudspeakers. \_The Covenant have been sighted on the planet. Report to your craft immediately, this is not a drill. Repeat, this is not a drill.\_

"Rosie!" Carol shook her friend awake, "They're here. The Covenant."

"What? Really?" Rosie snapped awake. The two girls proceeded to pull on their combat gear.

"Rosie! Carol!" The two girls screamed as Frye and Brian ran into their room.

"Holy crap! Knock first!"

"Oh God, sorry." Frye blushed.

The girls finished getting dressed, and Carol slapped Frye in the back of his head.

"Ow! Hey, the colonel gave us our orders. We have to take Pelicans Echo-344 and Echo-419. We have to rendezvous with the cruiser \_Marvin Shields\_ at Stethem plateau." Carol nodded, and the quartet ran towards the hangars. There was a sudden explosion, and the lights flickered.

"Crap, I hate running!" Cried out Carol. They finally made it to the hanger.

The hangar was a bee's nest of activity. Carol was shocked when she saw a group of bloody marines come out of a Pelican.

"They've taken the city! New Oxnard has fallen!"

"Sarge!" Sergeant Kaufman turned to see Carol and her friends run up to her.

"Thank God. Take those wounded to the \_Shields.\_ They need the medical attention. I'll punch up your birds."

"Yes ma'am." Said Carol. The two brand-new Pelican dropships came into view. The conveyor system dropped the two ships several meters from their locations.

"I'll send the wounded over. Go!" Carol ran towards her Ship, Echo-419, and stepped into the troop bay. She helped Frye up, and

heard a scream. Everything seemed to stop, as Sergeant Kaufman was lifted into the air by an unseen force, two holes opening in her chest.

"Covenant!" Cried out one Marine, and he fired his MA5a Assault Rifle at a shimmer under Kaufman's now dead body. The shimmer grew, and vanished, revealing a reptilian alien beneath. The alien roared, and then fell, dead.

"Son of a!" Carol sealed up her troop bay, and ran to her seat. Outside of her ship, a firefight broke out. A whole squad of camouflaged elites snuck into one of the Pelicans that transported the wounded. Carol lifted up her bird, and flew out of the bloodbath, followed by Rosie's Ship. "Oh God." The sky was nearly filled with alien craft. "Uh Frye. We have a situation." And then the fighters noticed the Pelicans.

\*\*Okay, Let's hope chapter five takes less time to write. Sorry about that wait guys. Anyways, please read and review. Also, don't forget to read my Bionicle Fanfic, and I will be posting a Pokémon one soon. \*\*

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*Hello again readers! Chapter five is here, and I figured I would clear up some things for you guys. I'll start with who's who.\*\*

Carol Rawley: The main character, best in her class at the academy.

Brian Frye: Carol's occasionally annoying copilot. He tried flirting with her at first, but then she beat the crap out of him

Rosie: Carol's best friend and wingman.

Burl: Frye's best friend and Rosie's copilot.

\*\*I hope that cleared up some confusion for you guys. Anyways, please keep reading, and remember to leave reviews. They really help with my writing. Allons-y! Onward to chapter five!\*\*

The surface of the planet was a wreck. Craters remained where proud skyscrapers once stood, and the whole landscape seemed to have been altered. The skies were thick with smoke, and purple alien flying craft. The radio was chaos; people yelling out orders, or soldiers swearing at the aliens. Carol looked to her left, making sure that Rosie was still to her left. Rosie flashed a green light to Carol's HUD, and the two hightailed it out of the frying pan.

"Carol. Incoming transmission from the \_Marvin Shields.\_"

"Punch it through Frye." Carol listened to static for several seconds, until

\_"This is - Ja-esâ€"of th- Uâ€"C Cruiser \_The Marâ€"Shiel-s \_to pe-an Echo 419. D- you co-?\_"

"This is Cadet Rawley, I copy. You may want to try and fix that

static issue, over."

"Sorry about that. The covies nearly hit us. You have new orders. Try and rescue as many civvies as possible before you get to the ship. We are preparing for launch. Get here in twenty minutes or you're staying behind. Acknowledge?"

"Yes, sir!" Carol opened a channel to Rosie and Burl, and told them their new orders. The two pelicans then shot forward, past the covenant armies. With only three minutes to spare, both pelicans had made it to the Marvin Shields, with thirty civilians each. The flight deck was a mess; there were cargo crates everywhere, and the remains of a Longsword Interceptor were smashed into one corner. There were wounded everywhere. After two spots were cleared, the two pelicans were finally able to land. The civilians were taken off of the birds, and two mechanics came to fill them up with fuel. Carol jumped out of the cockpit, and asked one of the mechanics what was happening.

"It's just like Harvest, they're saying. They're gonna glass the planet. Half of it's already gone." Carol thought back to her parents, who lived far from the cities.

"Is there a list of survivors?" Carol asked.

"Probably, But I doubt it's gonna be very long." Carol jumped back into her pelican, and lifted it up, spraying fuel all over one of the mechanics.

"Carol! Bloody Elisa!? Are you crazy?"

"Frye, I can't leave them."

"Carol. They're gone. The ship's already too far. We can't help them." Full of regret, Carol set down her pelican, turned around, and hugged Frye. She sat there for several minutes, just crying. After apologizing to the mechanics, both Carol and Frye got out of their new pelican, as did Burl and Rosie. They both had red, splotchy eyes. They left the flight deck to get their new bunks.

Onboard the ship, the survivors from the Flight academy had a small graduation ceremony, and a funeral for those who died. Carol, Frye, Rosie, and Burl were all given the rank of Warrant Officer, and a Medal of Honor. It was a bittersweet moment. Colonel Burchett died after saving fifty-one civilians from the Covenant. He collapsed, his age finally catching up with him after landing in the craft. Only about twelve other cadets survived the attack. By the time that the Marvin Shields made the jump into slipspace, Eradinus II was gone.

(Captain Oswald's point of view)

Captain Oswald sighed when she saw the battle reports. Only two hundred civilians survived the attack.

"Ma'am." The captain looked up from her Datapad to see her Lieutenant.

"Yes Mari?"

"I have the final casualty list. It's not good ma'am. We took a hard hit." The captain swore as she looked over the numbers. The UNSC was outmanned and outgunned. \_We need a miracle, \_the Captain thought to herself, \_people like those pilots. \_

(Carol's POV)

She was crying again, looking out one of the \_Marvin Shield's\_ few windows. Not that there was much to see while in the non-einsteinian realm of slipspace. She just got everything she ever wanted; a chance to prove herself in battle, and a major promotion. That came at a horrible cost however.

"Hey Carol." Said Rosie as she sat down next to Carol.

"\_sniff, \_oh, hey Rosie."

"You saw the casualty list?" Carol nodded. "Hey, you may think you lost everything, but you still have us."

"I just- I just can't believe that they were killed."

"Me neither. But life still goes on. On an unrelated note, you're good pals with Brian, right?"

Knowing that Rosie was just trying to keep her mind off of the battle, Carol replied, "Yeah, why?"

"I was just wondering, has he ever maybeâ€¦ Asked about me?"

"No way. You-?" Rosie nodded. "Bloody Elisa! You actually like that perv?"

"I think he's sweet." Carol sighed and rolled her eyes. "Could you just do me this one favor? Find out if he likes me?"

"I guess. But no promises."

\_"Attention all crew members and civilian evacuees. We are preparing to drop out of slipspace, please report to your designated stations. This is an order." \_

"I guess we should get going. Come on Car."

(Random UNSC officer's POV)

"This is Fenix reporting, Slipspace rupture detected off grid 72-1. It is requesting permission to land, but it's not on our charts." The El-tee switched off his mike, and looked out from the windows on the Orbital MAC Cannon \_Sparta.\_ He nearly spilled his coffee on himself when he saw the cruiser materialize. The ship looked like it had been through a blender. The ship was lucky to have made it. After following the Cole protocol, and jumping to a random location, the ship barely had enough power to make it to Reach. The Lieutenant sighed, and turned back on his mike.

"This is a priority alpha command; clear a drydock for this one. I think they got another planet." He turned around, knowing that there would be a lot of paperwork to do. He hated paperwork.

**\*\*Kind of short compared to my other ones. Sorry, I've had a lot of crap lately. Anyways, please continue reading and reviewing! You guys rock!\*\***

## 6. A New Beginning

**\*\* Sorry for how late this is guys. Summer School and marching band. :P not good for writing. Anyways, Finally, lets continue the tale of Carol. Standard disclaimer, I do not own Halo, or any Halo characters. I only own my OCs. \*\***

(Three months after the fall of Eradinus II)

\_"This is Fireteam Tango-two to Pelican Echo 4-1-9. We need extraction now!"\_

Carol smiled and keyed her mike: "Roger Fireteam Tango, we are closing in on your position. Over." It had been three months since the fall of Eradinus II. The UNSC lost many other colonies, but Reach, Earth, and the other stronghold planets were still safe. "Frye, hows the motion tracker?"

"No blips, wait, scratch that. Type twenty-six inbound, closing in at one-fifty KPH."

"Just what we needed." Carol turned back on her mike. "Can you hold out for a second sergeant? It's about to get messy up here."

\_"I guess we can. Jones! Wraith on our six!"\_ Over the radio, Carol could hear the \_whoomph\_ of an RPG hitting the Covenant armor. \_"Hooah! Don't worry swabbie, we got this!"\_

"Copy that. Frye, disengage safeties, prepare fifty mil." Carol could hear the alien craft before it came into view. "What direction?"

"Five-thirty." Carol turned her D77-TC one-hundred fifty degrees. The ship was small at first, just a purple blip on the horizon. "Come on, baby. Closer, closer." Frye's console made a beeping noise, "Crap, that buggers got a lock on us. Carol, evade!" Carol pulled her stick back, pulling the Pelican up just in time to avoid a deadly green blast of light. Carol pushed the stick back forwards, and engaged a dive. \_Gotta time this rightâ€¦\_ She thought.

"Frye! Shoot now!"

"What!?"

"Just do it!" Frye pulled the trigger for the fifty mil, and shredded the purple craft as it passed beneath their nose. "That's how we do it Navy way!"

"That was the stupidest thing you'd ever done! " Frye paused, "That was awesome!"

"Okay Fireteam Tango, We're on our way."

\_"Dang, can you go any slower?"\_



"Well, I could always go refuel."

"Jesus, just get over here already!" Carol laughed, and keyed off her mike. In only five minutes, Carol reached Fireteam Tango's exfil point. The marines loaded up their 'Hog, and hopped aboard. Carol hoped that the mission was a success; three fireteams and two pelicans were destroyed. Luckily Rosie and Burl were safe.

"This is Pelican Echo 4-1-9 to the \_Chesapeake Bay\_, we have extracted Fireteam Tango-two. Are we clear for landing? Over."

"This is \_Chesapeake Bay\_, you are cleared for Hangar Alpha-2-1. Sending Nav marker to you now. Over." Carol eased her bird slightly westward, and pushed the dropship to max speed, Mach 1. When Echo 4-1-9 and her crew were in sight of the \_Chesapeake Bay\_, they saw another Pelican, flying the same way as them.

"Hey Carol, I see you survived. If you ever get my man killed, I swear to God I'll-"

"Ookay, this is Burl. Ow, sorry for cutting you off Rosie. You realize the UNSC records these? I just did you a favor."

"Hahaha, hey guys. Glad you made it." Carol replied. "Mission success?"

"Yep." Rosie replied. "Ready to get some R and R?"

"Oh yeah."

"Hey baby!" Frye took over the conversation, "How are 'ya?"

"Good, now that I know you're okay. Carol try anything stupid? Again?"

"Frye, don't you dare."

"Sigh, apparently that info's classified. I'll tell you onboard."

"Frye!" Unheard by their marine passengers, the pilots continued their banter until they reached the hangar. After getting out of her ship, Rosie ran over and gave Frye a big hug. As the two embraced, Carol reported to the ONI Ops specialist. He questioned her for hours, asking about everything that happened during the mission. The "report" was cut short when the frigate suddenly jumped into slipspace. Carol was dismissed, as the Spook called up to the bridge to find out what happened. Carol knew though. Another colony was lost; the \_Chesapeake Bay\_ probably just escaped in time. As Carol was walking towards the mess hall, Burl ran up to her. They were both still in full flight gear, because neither of them had time to change. "Spooks get you too?" She asked.

"Yeah. Why did we even have to debrief with them anyways?" Burl asked.

"I dunno. It wasn't a top-secret eat-before-reading mission or anything. Where are the two lovebirds?"

"Already at mess."

"Sweet." After a few minutes, they reached the mess hall. Rosie and Frye had already saved them a table, so when Carol and Burl got there with their pork, bean, and hardtack platter.

"Almost a thousand years, and they still can't make these things any good." Rosie commented as Carol sat down.

Carol reached for Rosie's other Biscuit; "Fine, I'll take yours then." Rosie slapped Carol's hand away.

"Never said I wouldn't eat it."

"Attention all crew members. This is flight officer Chekov, We are preparing to exit slipspace, please brace yourselves." Carol, and everyone else in the mess hall, grabbed their seats, and braced for the deceleration. Frye looked over to Carol with concern; exiting slipspace never went well with her. The ship seemed to lurch forwards, and Carol turned green.

"You okay Carol?" Frye asked, worried for his friend.

"I'm fine, just- Oh God." Carol then beelined for the bathroom. Rosie jumped up and ran after her.

"You'd think after like, fifty jumps she'd be used to it by now." Burl commented.

"Yeah, but hey, at least she doesn't get airsick. Otherwise both of us would be dead."

"I hear ya there. Remember that op at the asteroid? Our bird nearly got shot down. We're lucky ya'll got there in time." Burl looked up to see the girls returning.

"She's fine." Rosie said. "Any announcements?"

"Nah, nothing yet." Frye said. "You okay Carol?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Attention all hands, we will now proceed to Reach, prepare for a slipspace jump." However, the ship didn't jump. In fact, it powered down. People were talking amongst themselves, mainly asking if it was the Covenant. It wasn't.

It was the Insurrection.

\*\*I promise to be writing more soon, especially my bionicle fic. Anyways, please keep reading, reviewing, and playing Halo. \*\*

## 7. A Hero Among us

\*\*I guess I lied when I said these would be rolling faster, huh? Oh well, here's chapter seven. Also, keep an eye out for a very familiar face. Yet again I wish I owned Halo but sadly the cosmic dice rolled wrong and I do not own Halo, however I do own my OC's. Also, It just occurred to me: not all of you have read Halo: The Flood, which you

should DEFINITALLY read. Anyways, Frye was her Copilot in the book, so I added him in as well. Hope this cleared some confusion. Well, Allons-y! Here's the next chapter!\*\*

\_Attention. Report to your battle stations immediately. Code red, Insurrection attack. Repeat, this is an Insurrection attack. This is not a drill. Repeat, this is not a drill.\_

"What the he-" Frye tried to exclaim, but was accidentally knocked down by a burly Seabee mechanic. "Hey, watch it!"

"Frye, just calm down. You heard the captain; we have to get to our ships."

"Rose is right." Carol said. "What if they need evac?"

The four pilots then ran back towards flight deck alpha, thanking whomever they believed in that they were still in full flight gear. When they reached the flight deck, it was chaos. Frye and Burl ran over to a console to bring down their birds. Luckily the flight deck still had power, so the two Pelicans were brought down by crane.

\_Blam! Blam!\_

Carol turned her head, and saw two officers fall down, clutching their chests. A man in a set of ODS EVA armor dropped the magazine of his M6 pistol, and fumbled to put a new one in. He then made a beeline towards one of the longsword fighters.

"Get in, Now!" Carol jumped into her cockpit, and closed it down as Frye jumped in.

Carol pulled on her headset, \_"-rol, Frye, you all in okay?"\_

"Yeah, we're good. " Carol watched as the Innies took their Longswords, and blasted open the Hangar Bay doors. The room explosively decompressed, killing many more soldiers. "Let's go! We gotta get that guy!"

"But wait, we haven't gotten any orders."

"Frye, we can't let him get away! Rose, let's go!" Carol and Rose pushed their birds to their max, chasing after the Insurrectionist.

\_ "Frye, aim for the left engine. We'll go for the right. Over." \_

"Roger that Burl. Acquiring lock." The Pelican shook as its HE- Anvil missiles left their silos, rocketing through the vacuum, in sync with the missile shot from Rosie and Burl's pelican. The missiles made their mark, and destroyed the engines. The ship was left drifting in the vacuum, disabled.

\_ "This is Sergeant Avery Johnson to pelican Echo four nineteen. Do you copy?" \_

"Yes sir. What are your orders, sir?" Carol replied.

"Wait, was that the **\*\*real\*\*** Sergeant Johnson? The one who survived Harvest?" Frye asked.

"Quiet moron!"

\_"What was that pilot!?"\_

Carol sweat-dropped, and all color drained from her face. "Uhhhh, I'm sorry sir. I was speaking to my copilot."

\_"Stow the excuses for later soldier. Report back to the hangar. You'll be picking me up, and taking me to that downed longsword. We need to capture that Innies. Got it?"\_

"Yes Sir. Rosie, watch for reinforcements. We'll be right back." Carol threw her stick forward, blasting her Pelican back towards the prone form of the UNSC ship. In no time flat, she had picked up the Sergeant, and returned to the busted up Longsword.

\_"Set me down right over her. Let's do this!" \_Carol eased down on top of the Longsword, and opened her troop bay. The sergeant jumped out, activating his jump jets. Carol watched as he pulled out a vacuum torch, and cut into the ship. After seven long minutes, the sergeant came out, with the prone form of the Insurrectionist. Carol opened back up her troop bay, and allowed the two in.

"Alright! Come on guys. Let's go home."

(Three weeks later. New Novi, Earth, Sol system)

"For your dedicated service, and willingness to go above the call of duty for the sake of the UNSC, we would like to give you the Bronze star decoration."

Carol smiled as Rear Admiral Hood pinned the bronze medal to Carol's Dress uniform. "Thank you for your service." The Admiral walked over to Frye. It had been three weeks since they had helped to capture the Insurrectionist that had disabled their ship. Carol was even promoted one whole pay grade.

"erm-hrm. As another reward for your valiant bravery in the face of danger, I have requested your transfer to my new ship, the \_UNSC KantÅ•. \_You are to report to the Northville dry dock at oh seven hundred hours tomorrow. Dismissed." Carol walked off of the stage with Burl, as Rosie and Frye walked off together, arm in arm.

"Hey Carol, could I talk with you for a second?"

"Huh? Yeah, sure Burl. What's up?"

"Look, you didn't hear this from me. Last nightâ€¦ Frye told me he was going to propose to Rosie."

"What! Really?" Carol was shocked, they had only been going out for a short time.

"I know. Don't tell him I told you though. I told him I wouldn't tell anyone."

"Thanks for the info, Burl. Oh my God, I can't wait until their

wedding."

"Hahahahaha, Let's go Carol."

\*\*Okay, I think I'll be bringing this series to a close soon. I'm so glad for all your reviews, but I could use some more constructive ones. Also, I will not be making any new series until this one is finished. Anyways, please read, rate, and review. \*\*

End  
file.